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POLITE LITERATURE.

OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

MR. EDITOR,

The very general diffusion of literary knowledge which has taken place of late years, has made the public taste perhaps fastidious in its decisions on the merits of all species of talent; but more especially on that of modern dramatists. Few, indeed, would be hardy enough to affirm, that a decay of this particular talent, amounting almost to annihilation, is not observable: the lyre of Shakspeare is still mute, and still slumbers unconscious of the master-hand which shall again awaken the tones of inspiration; the wit of Congreve has expired with the evanescent brilliancy of sudden flame; the humour of Steele is mute as the tongue he once prostituted to party; and the vivacity of Sheridan slumbers in the grave which contains his ashes! But while we mourn departed excellence, let us not be unjust to living worth: and in grieving for what has past away, let us remember that the only means of preserving what has not, is to cherish what we have. Talent is timid, and is to be won by protection: Genius is capricious, and must be allured by patronage. While, therefore, at the tribunal of criticism, modern ability must yield the palm of excellence in energy and grandeur, to the early writers, the praises allotted to talent of an inferior order must be awarded to the moderns. Accuracy, good taste, judgment and correctness,—though they cannot atone for the loss of sterling thought and vigorous expression, are qualities agreeable to

"The sacred few whose just applause is fame," and more likely to please the many: they are qualities in which the moderns are certainly masters. It is astonishing, indeed, that in an age like that of Queen Elizabeth, which boasted its acquaintance with the elegant classics, and was certainly well versed in the learning of the schools, such gross anachronisms, such absurd violations of time, place and history as abound in many of the sublimest dramas of that day, should ever have been tolerated. A Morning Paper recently remarked, on the revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Humorous Lieutenant,' that the "bouncing anachronism" of Demetrius entering with a "cocked pistol," had been very wisely corrected.

Should this gallant captain make his entrée, so equipped, in these days, he would most infallibly be "hors de combat" in a very few moments. But if this be ridiculous, as an error in attributing arms to an age totally ignorant of them, what shall we say to those of the same kind, which abound in Massinger and Shakspeare? I open a volume of the latter author, and I find that "the divine Poet," in the first act of Cymbeline, makes Leonatus Posthumus, who is supposed to be speaking in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, very ingeniously anticipate the ingredient of a manufacture certainly unknown to the Emperor.

"And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,

"Tho' ink be made of gall."

This is well followed by his friend Jachimo, (whose name seems also a more modern Italian baptism than the era in which he speaks,) observing to Imogen, that he, as the factor for 12 noble Romans who had clubbed for a piece of *subscription plate* to be presented to the Emperor, had travelled into France to buy that which could not be found in Rome! In another scene, "Enter a Dutchman and a Frenchman:" and in the last act, Cornelius informs us that the Queen was accustomed to amuse herself by poisoning rats and cats. But few examples could be selected which would vie in pedantry with that of Marcus Andronicus, who calls out,

"Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

"That we may hew his limbs; and on a pile,

"Ad manes fratrum," sacrifice his flesh!"

In King Lear, act 3d, the fool anticipates the knavery of London Brewers: "When Brewers mar their malt with water"—which is an acute prognostic, 800 years before Christ.

I shall shortly take an opportunity of pursuing this subject; and am, Sir, &c.
Feb. 3, 1817. B.

LETTERS ON IRELAND.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Hibernicus," in your 18th number, has endeavoured to prove, that the causes of the present distresses in Ireland are different to what they are generally supposed to be—but it is to be regretted, that his manner of explaining himself, leaves his reader so much in the dark, as to give rise to the idea, that the writer entertained contrary opinions on the same subject, in different parts of his paper.

In the first place, and as a chief cause of grievance, your correspondent states a fact—

that the landlord, unwilling to resign his feudal customs, forgets the mutual obligation between master and dependant, and still considering his tenant as his vassal he "teaches him to be abject."—If this be generally the case through Ireland, what opinion are we to have of these powerful landlords, when the country of which these people (their tenants) form so great a part of the population, is so frequently disturbed by rebellion, and other never-failing consequences, of an overstrained, and misdirected freedom? These disturbances might result from unjust tyranny, but they cannot take place where the lower ranks are really held in subjection. Hibernicus next mentions the oppression of the landholder—that he lets the land to the cottier, at an enormous rent, and hires his labour at a miserable pittance—"hence the peasant, unable to better his condition, thinks not of comfort, but of subsistence, and knows little beyond the negative happiness of relieved want," &c. &c.—From this it might be concluded, that the Irish cottier is in a state of the most abject poverty and wretchedness, did not the same writer, speaking afterwards of that class, say, "he gets his house, garden, half an acre of ground, grass and hay for a cow, and at the annual rent of 3l. or 4l.—his wages are something more than 6d. a day, and though these have not risen, neither has his rent, and therefore his means of subsistence are but little lessened by the rise of times." Whether these descriptions relate to one or two classes of persons, is left unexplained. It is likewise necessary to the right understanding of this letter, that the reader should know, what class of people are meant by the mob—to the greatly disproportionate number of whom Hibernicus ascribes many of Ireland's greatest misfortunes. If the people are without employment, on what do they subsist? If they are cottiers or labourers, as neither their rent nor wages rise, the cheapness and plenty of the potatoes, which by Hibernicus is considered as a cause of poverty, must be in reality a cause of riches.

HIBERNICA.

ON TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

"Dress is the natural finish of beauty. Without dress, a handsome woman is a gem, but a gem that is not set."

I am an old man now, Mr. Editor; but I have loved the ladies dearly all the days of my life; and, though "the high blood" no longer runs "frolic through my veins"—though the frost of age has "silvered o'er my head"—my attachment to the better sex remains pure and undiminished, and, thank heaven, my perception of physical and moral beauty is still in its meridian of power. I look back upon the years of my youth—upon the prime of my manhood—when the loveliest and the best of women was the

solace of my heart, with a dear, a soothing delight, which the wealth of worlds could not purchase.

Sixty-five years have not rolled regardless over my head. Within that period—a little eternity in prospective, but scarcely more than a point in the past—many are the changes of the times, and of manners, that I have observed. Connected, in some measure, with my naturally invincible admiration of the sex, has been an attention to their various styles of personal decoration; and though, in some respects, I entertain a perfectly philosophical contempt of dress, I will not shrink from the avowal, that, in the contemplation of a beautiful woman, elegantly and tastefully attired, I have, at all times, enjoyed a pleasure of no vulgar cast. Time was, when the waist of a span,

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less," was the summit of female ambition; when the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whose zone was exactly the circumference of an orange and a half, excited the envy of the whole world of fashion; but this, and numberless other absurdities, have been hurried down the stream of oblivion, never more, it is hoped, to intrude into the regions of taste. Peaked stomachers, fortification bosoms, monstrous craws, cork hips, and protuberant pads, have, in succession, been consigned to the "family vault of all the Capulets;" and notwithstanding its faults, I must be permitted to consider the present age as greatly superior to many that are past.

The love of dress is natural to woman. This has been seen, and attested, in all ages and in all countries of the world, in the most savage as well as in the most polished states. It is a laudable, a useful, an interesting propensity; but it requires to be chastened and regulated by the hand of taste, by a sense of the beautiful in nature, of the correct and harmonious in art. Thus it will generally be seen, that the mind which is most highly cultivated, will be most successful in the art of personal decoration, provided its attention be directed, or attracted towards that point. Lord Chesterfield declared, that he could not help forming some opinion of a man's sense, and character, from the style of his dress. Such a criterion is by no means infallible; yet I am inclined to think, that the feeling, or sentiment—especially with respect to the opposite sex—is more general than might be at first suspected; and, perhaps, we seldom, if ever, meet with a female, whose general style of dress is chaste, elegant, and appropriate, that we do not, on a

more intimate acquaintance, find much in her disposition, mind, and manner, to admire, and to love.

I have already remarked, that the love of dress is natural to woman. Look at the Hottentot fair, bedaubed with grease and ochre; see the native of the South Sea Islands, gaily bedight in shells, and beads, and feathers, and ferruginous pendants in her ears and nose; and, to come nearer home, observe the country wench, tricked out in flaring ribbons, and rivaling the rainbow in the number and variety, if not in the beauty, of its colors. Here is the love of dress in all its native force; but where is the chastening hand of taste, the nice perception of the beautiful and correct? The British fair, thanks to the powder-tax, have long relinquished the practice of kneading up their tresses into dough, by the admixture of flour and fat—a practice as odious as that of the Hottentots; for what is there more offensive or ridiculous in red dust and grease, than in white dust and grease?—but they still retain that relic of barbarism, the wearing ear-rings. Why should they not, like some of their sable sisters, adorn their olfactory organs in the same chaste and simple style?—The short petticoats, which now so frequently enable the Bond-Street loungeur to expatiate on the color of his mistress's garters, are doubtless an importation from that land where Vice reigns triumphant—where Modesty has long forgotten to blush. Still are we doomed to exclaim, "O, France, whose edicts govern dress and meat, Thy victor, Britain, bends beneath thy feet!" The almost equally barbarous, though not equally indecent, mode of hooping the dresses and pelisses round, like so many beer-barrels, originated, I presume, eastward of Temple-Bar. The wearers of these dresses always remind me of brewers' wives and daughters, hanging out the signs of their family trade. We have reformed many of these abuses in the dominions of fashion; why should we not reform them all? I would willingly see my dear and naturally-fascinating countrywomen as lovely as nature and her attendant graces designed that they should appear. With this view, I will endeavour, in another brief epistle, to offer some suggestions, which, I flatter myself, your fair readers will not deem altogether undeserving of attention. In the interim, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. SENEX.

LADY MORGAN'S FRANCE.

This work, which has long been impatiently expected, will be published in a few days at Paris as well as London. In the mean time, we are happy to have it

in our power to present our readers with an amusing extract from one of the proof sheets, relative to two of the most eminent female writers of that country at the present day.

I had often been assured, in some literary circles at Paris, that the greatest revolution which had taken place in their literature, since the reign of Louis XIV., has occurred in the taste, talent, and style of their female writers. They still speak with rapture of the facility, the *abandonnement*, the grace, of the compositions of the La Fayette, the Sevigné, the Caylus's; and oppose them in decided superiority to the de Staël, the Cottins, the Genlis's, and the Souza's. But the great claim to that originality of invention and combination, which constitutes the essence of genius, belongs exclusively to the modern writers. The best compositions of the female wits of the "*beau siècle*," exhibited but the art of transferring the elegant gossipry, so eternally practised in their salons, to their letters, and adopting in their written accounts of the anecdotes, incidents, slanders, intrigues, and *tyrannies* of the day, the same epigrammatic point and facility of expression, which belong to the genius of their language, and which have at all times been the study, the charm, and the habit of their conversation.

The life of such a woman as Madame de Sevigné, was passed in social little circles, in eternal visits, and in seeking, hearing, circulating, and transcribing all that was passing in the city or the court. Women of rank had then no domestic duties, though they had many social ties. Their infants were nursed by hirelings, their children were reared in convents, their husbands lived with the army or the court, and those profounder feelings, which exercise so powerful an operation upon female intellect, remained cold and undeveloped. They read little, because the scale of modern literature was then circumscribed, and few women studied the dead languages. The whole power of their mind, therefore, was confined and levelled to the combination and recitation of the events, which took place in the most frivolous, intriguing, but polished society, that ever existed. Their style was brilliant, playful, and elegant; and it was eminently, perhaps exclusively, calculated to "*éterniser la bagatelle*."

Speaking of the talents of Mesdames de Staël and de Genlis, a French critic of the old school observed to me, "Pour ces femmes là, elles se sont fait une imagination et une tolérance vertueuse. Malheureusement, dans l'un et l'autre, de quoi faire trois ou quatre volumes d'esprit?"

When, however, they abandoned facts for fiction, they wholly failed in their attempt; and in the world of invention there is, perhaps, nothing so cold, cumbersome, and wearisome, so out of the line of social nature, and yet so remote from the fairy regions of fancy, as the romances of Mademoiselle Scuderie, and the novels of Madame La Fayette. They soon fell by their own ponderous weight, even in an age when they had novelty to sustain them, and have now long been known by name only.

The two most celebrated female writers of France, Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël, mark successively the progress of female intellect, and the scope given by circumstances to female talent in that country. The works of Madame de Genlis form a sort of connecting link between those women, who wrote at the latter end of Louis the XIVth's day, and those who have appeared since the revolution. The founder of a new genus of composition in her own language, her domestic stories are a deviation from the grave formalities of the early French novel; and stand equally free from the licentious liberties of the new, a witty but an immoral school, founded by the Marivaux, the Louvets, and the Leclos. M. de Genlis, if not the first who made works of imagination the vehicle of education, was at least the earliest of those, who introduced instruction and science into tales of sentiment and passion; and the erudition which occasionally gleams through her pages, has been thought to do the honours of the head, to the exclusion of the interests of the heart: while her pure and polished style, flowing and smooth as it is, stands accused by the severity of French criticism of approaching to the studied elegance and cold precision of a professed rhetorician. It may, however, be said with great truth, that none perhaps ever wrote so well, who wrote so much; or has ever blended so few faults with so many merits of style and composition. Madame de Genlis just held that place in society from her rank, her fashion, her political tendencies, and literary successes, which was most calculated to excite against her a host of enemies. Had she been more obscure as a woman, she would have been less severely treated as an author.

The genius of Madame de Staël belongs to the day and age in which it dawned, and by which it was nurtured. It partakes of their boldness and their aspirations, their freedom and their force. Fostered amidst philosophical en-

quiries, and political and social fermentation, its objects are naturally grand, its scope vast, its efforts vigorous: It has the energy of inspiration, and its disorder. There is in the character of Madame de Staël's compositions, something of the Delphic priestess. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the god rather than the oracle; and wish perhaps that she were less inspired, or we more intelligent.

While other writers (both male and female) in France have turned with every breeze, that fluttered in the political hemisphere, Madame de Staël has steadily proceeded in the magnificent march of genius, governed by principle: and her opinions, while they are supported by all the force of female enthusiasm, derive an additional weight from the masculine independence and steadiness of their advocate.

I had to lament that Madame de Staël had left France, at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I thus was prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age, from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman, I may add) infinite pride. Her character was uniformly described by her friends to me as largely partaking of a disposition whose kindness knew no bounds; and of feelings which lent themselves, in ready sympathy, to every claim of friendship, and every call of benevolence.—Among those, who know her well, the splendor of her reputation seems sunk in the popularity of her character; and "*c'est une excellente personne*," "*c'est un bon enfant*," were epithets of praise constantly lavished on one, who has so many more brilliant claims to celebrity.

Madame de Genlis was at Paris, when I arrived there; but I was told on every side, that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers.—That, "*elle s'était jetée dans*

Both Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis appeared to me to be rather unpopular with the royalists and ultras: the one, for her supposed republican principles; the other, for the part she took in the early period of the revolution. Of Madame de Staël, they constantly said to me, "*C'est de l'éloquence, si vous voulez; cependant c'est une phraseologie que Madame de S.*" Of Madame de Genlis,—"Pour son style, c'est d'une pureté, d'une facilité et d'une élégance, mais il n'y a rien de naturel dans ses romans, que les enfants!" The "*Battueas*," of Madame de Genlis must, however, by this, have reconciled her to the most inveterate friends of legitimacy, church, state, and the king of Spain!

la religion!" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines*."—I had despaired therefore of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes*," it is difficult to say, whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Vallière was uppermost in my imagination.—Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure, which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood, (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass) stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pretty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent, is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests, imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling, and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, a rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits, which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment, she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her "*herbier sacré*," in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She showed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called "*l'herbier de reconnaissance*." "But I have but little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French Mémoires, in writing her "*Journal de la Jeunesse*," and in preparing for the press her new novel "*Les Battueas*," which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was nevertheless well strung and tuned; her piano-forte covered with new music, and when I gave her her lute, to play for me, it did not require the drawing up a single string. All was energy and occupation. It was impossible not to make some observation on

such versatility of talent and variety of pursuits.—“Oh! this is nothing,” said Madame de Genlis, “what I pride myself on, is knowing twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread.”

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort, as without pretension, and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which were then in circulation in Paris. When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied—that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves; and to whom she taught the harp, as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casimir, now one of the finest harpists in the world. I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating*: she replied, “*au contraire, cela m’a toujours ennuyé*,” and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late Emperor; which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. “Buonaparte,” she said, “was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs, per annum, was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres*, whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the Arsenal. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him what he expected I should do to merit it. When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, ‘Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.’ As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics.” Madame de Genlis added, that, though she never had any interview with him, yet on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere *littérateur de société*, and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs per annum to a man who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claims on such stated bounty, that there were two friends of that person, equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask, for a similar provision. “*Eh bien*,”

said Buonaparte, “*cela fait douze mille francs*,” and he ordered the other two distressed *littérateurs* to be put on the annuity list with their friend.

It was said to me in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, “*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité*.” I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with the *vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes, even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint*, or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix, (that image of suffering and humility) which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued, and the graces forgotten. On showing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the Cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the Pope had sent for it, when he was in Paris, and blessed it, ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary, which had belonged to Fenelon: and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over, till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life: for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her, as a “*demoiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe*.” Infirmary, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and though her features are thin, worn and sharply marked, and her complexion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the Carmelites were as frequent as the duties of

Madame de Genlis, and my own engagements in the world would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LALLA ROOKH; *An Oriental Romance*. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. 4to.

Our friend Tristram Shandy informs us, that his father once undertook to confute an opinion of the great Bacon, without saying a single syllable, good, bad, or indifferent, on the subject in question. Mr. Moore in like manner, has given us a volume of poetry, called *Lalla Rookh*, without having even once mentioned *Lalla Rookh*, either directly or indirectly, throughout the whole poem. Out of something more than four hundred pages, there are indeed about forty pages in prose, which relate the story of *Lalla Rookh*. That story is as follows.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharra, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet; and rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. During his stay there, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince his son, and *Lalla Rookh*, the youngest daughter of the Emperor. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and conduct her into Bucharra.

The day of *Lalla Rookh's* departure from Delhi, was as splendid as sunshine and pagantry could make it. All was brilliant, tasteful and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadlaheen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palanquin immediately after the Princess.

Feramorz, a young poet of Cashmere, was also in her suite, and was introduced into her presence, in order to amuse her. Accordingly he sang or recited, during intervals of the journey, the four poems which this volume contains, and at length succeeded in captivating her entire affections. With sorrow, therefore, she found herself at the end of her agreeable journey, and pale and trembling was presented to her expecting bridegroom. He descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her! Feramorz himself, the sovereign of Bucharra, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King. We must for ever regret, that this interesting little narrative was not told in verse.

The first story which Feramorz recites, is “The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.”

This impostor's name was Mokanna, and “O'er his features hung
The veil, the silver veil, which he had flung

In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its
light."

The poem opens with a pageant in honor of Azim, a celebrated young warrior, who had long been a prisoner in Greece, and who at length liberated, hastened to join the banner of Mokanna.

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blash'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

This girl, whose name was Zelica, had formerly been betrothed to Azim, but he was called from her to join in the war, and she soon afterwards heard that he had fallen. At these tidings her reason partially forsook her.

The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray.
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone,
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one.

Mokanna worked upon her deranged intellects to become one of the "Elect of Paradise," the "Priestess of the Faith," and his paramour.

"'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poetry and music breathed around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heaven, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirits light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wished or dream'd, she should for ever
rove

Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
His own blest'd, purified, eternal bride!
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house; through all its
steams

Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud she too can shine!
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round
them cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she passed.
There in that awful place, when each had
quaffed

And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-impregating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever—
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed 'never
never!'

After Azim's arrival, Mokanna sends for her, and she overhears him muttering such horrible sentiments of hatred against all mankind, that she perceives at once how he had deceived her by promises of eternal happiness in Paradise. He finds himself discovered, and out the whole fiend bursts. He tells her, that he means to tempt Azim, by every method of allurements, from the path of virtue which he had heretofore trod, and that she must contribute her aid. She refuses with horror; and the first part closes with the following lines, which convey a

striking picture of his demoniac mind and face.

Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
Look wild, look—any thing but sad; yet stay—
One moment more—from what this night hath
pass'd,

I see thou know'st me, know'st me well at last.
Ha! Ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all
true,

And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the sea-dog dotes
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she
lives!

And, now thou see'st my soul's angelic hue,
'Tis time these features were uncartain'd too;
This brow, whose light—oh rare, celestial
light!
Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd
sight;
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded
might

Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and
quake—
Would that they were heaven's lightnings for
his sake!

But turn and look,—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by
guilt,

Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus main'd and monstrous upon earth;
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!

He rais'd his veil—the maid turn'd slowly
round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the
ground!

The second part begins with a description of the palace, and of the preparations for an attack upon the Azim's virtue. It commences—song, dance, and every voluptuous art is assayed, without success, till at length,
The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are
flown,

And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one
nigh—

Whose could it be?—Alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had
fail'd,

Against a pillar near; not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
And such as Zelica had on that day
He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his
check.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;—
Unconsciously he opens his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his
knees—

'Tis she herself! 'tis Zelica he sees!

After a pathetic confession of her frailty, he offers to fly with her, and she has just consented, when, on a sudden, she hears a voice near her exclaim, "Thy oath, thy oath!" upon which she flies from him

By this time the Caliph, alarmed at accounts of the veiled Prophet's armaments, marches against him, but is foiled in several encounters. At length, a youth suddenly appears at the head of the flying Moslems, and obtains possession of Meson, the royal city. Mokanna flies to Neksheh, a city of Transoxiana, where he is beleaguered by the enemy. Here he makes use of several superstitious rites to persuade his followers that they shall be victorious. At length they suspect his deceptions, and he poisons the whole band.

Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swell'n heads sunk blackening on
their breasts,

Or looking pale to heav'n with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them
through,

Remove the deadlier torment of the two?
While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his
side,

Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but, as they
died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eye's last
strain,

And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.
Zelica alone remains, and he now sends
for her, and makes her drink a deadly
draught. He himself plunges into a cistern
of such burning drugs, as have efficacy to
dissolve his whole body, so that not a frag-
ment remains. In the mean while, the
enemy, with Azim at their head, find their
way into the city. The white veil appears
alone before them. Azim springs forward
and pierces him—the veil is cast off, and he
sees his Zelica! She dies after a parting
speech; he lives to a good old age, and is
buried beside her.

The next song is called Paradise and the Peri, one of those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, but who have lost Paradise. This Peri, lamenting one morning, at the gate of Eden, her hard destiny in being forbidden to enter there, the angel who was guarding the gate, exclaimed to her,

"The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate,
The gift that is most dear to heaven."

Accordingly, the Peri, full of hope, sets out to try whether she can discover this precious gift. She first sees a war-field, where the last survivor of the battle stands, while the conqueror calls upon him to surrender. He refuses, and shoots his dart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well—
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,

And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glimmers drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light."

This precious drop, however, is not found sufficient to open the gate, so she goes on
another excursion, and finds a youth dying
of a plague, and his mistress, who had from
a distant place of safety sought him out,
preferring death with him, to life without
him. She catches the infection from him,

and dies. The Peri conveys her last sigh up to Eden, but even this is not considered a sufficient passport. She therefore returns, and as she wings her way over the vale of Balbec, sees a child at play among the wild flowers. A haggard ruffian has just stopped near him, when the vesper bell tolls to prayer; the boy kneels down, and offers up his thanksgivings. The ruffian repents of his past transgressions, and drops a tear. Up flies the PERI with the tear. It is accepted; "The gates are passed and heaven is won!"

After this comes the Poem of the Fire-worshippers. The story is shortly this:—One of this sect, a Gheber, had one night stolen up a cleft on the sea-shore, where stands the "bower" of Hinda, daughter of Al Hassan, his enemy in faith and in arms. This adventurous warrior sees and loves her, but withholds from her all knowledge of himself. At their last meeting, however, he confesses all, and tears himself away to give her father battle. In the meanwhile, her father, by the treachery of a fire-worshipper, has discovered a secret path to the recesses of Hafed, the chief of the recreants and rebels. He accordingly prepares to march against them, but first sends his daughter in a vessel to Araby, that she may not witness the contest. This vessel is taken by the Gheber's and she recognizes in her mysterious lover, Hafed, their chief. She now gives him intimation of the discovery of the secret path. But it comes too late. His enemies pour by thousands upon his diminished band, and at length he finds himself and another the sole survivors of the strife. They gain the temple,

When, to!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!

And must I leave thee withering here,

The sport of every ruffian's tread,

The mark of every coward's spear?

No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"

He cries, and with a strength that seems

Not of this world, uplifts the frame

Of the fall'n Chief, and towards the flame

Bears him along;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze

Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's sea.—

"Now, Freedom's God! I come to thee,"

The youth exclaims, and with a smile

Of triumph vaulting on the pile,

In that last effort, ere the fires

Have larm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide!

It came from yonder drifting bark,

That just has caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark:

Is the boat—ah, why delay'd?

That bears the wretched Moslem maid;

Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom

Their generous chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom;

But hop'd when Hinda, safe and free,

Was render'd to her father's eyes,

Their pardon, full and prompt, would be

The ransom of so dear a prize.

But see—what moves upon the height?

Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?

In gazing silence towards the shrines

All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine

Fix their fast failing life-beams there.

'Twas but a moment—fierce and high

The death-pile blazed into the sky,

And far away, o'er rock and flood,

Its melancholy radiance sent;

While Hafed, like a vision, stood

Reveal'd before the burning pyre,

Tall shadowy, like a spirit of fire

Shrined in its own grand element!

"Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims,—

But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;

High burst in air the funeral flames,

And Iran's hopes and her's are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—

Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,

Where still she fixed her dying gaze,

And, gazing, sunk into the wave,

Deep, deep,—where never care or pain

Shall reach her innocent heart again!

The last song is called the Light of the

Haram.

Selim, the Son of Acbar, had retired with

the young Nourmahal, his mistress, to the

beautiful valley of Cashmere.

When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror

rovd,

By the banks of that Lake, with his only be-

lov'd

He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully

snatch

From the hedges, a glory his crown could not

match,

And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet that

curl'd

Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the

world!

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,

Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's

light

Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made

tender

Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.

This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,

That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic

bliss;

But that liveliness, ever in motion which plays,

Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,

Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it

flies

From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the

eyes,

Now melting in mist and now breaking in

gleams,

Like the glimpses a saint has of Heav'n in his

dreams.

When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,

That charm of all others, was born with her

face;

And when angry, for e'en in the tranquillest

climes

Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes,

The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken

New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest

when shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye

At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,

From the depth of whose shadow like holy

revealing

From innermost shrines, came the light of her

feelings!

Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever

took wing

From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird

in spring;

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,

Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages!

In the wars of the Dives with the Peris,

whenever the former took the latter prisoners,

"they shut them up in iron cages, and hung

them in the highest trees. Here they were

visited by their companions, who brought them

the choicest odours."

Richardson.

While her laugh, fall of life, without any con-

troul

But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from

her soul;

And where it most sparkled no glance could

discover,

In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all

over,—

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,

When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the

sun.

Some dissension, however, has arisen be-

tween the lovers, and Nourmahal, far from

the joyous throng who are keeping the feast

of roses, sits in her bower with Namouna,

the enchantress. She begs of her,

"To find some spell that should recal,

Her Selim's smile to Nourmahal."

Accordingly, the sorceress performs cer-

tain incantations, and the next evening

Selim holds a feast. All the lovely nymphs

of the valley are present, and try their arts

in captivating him. A Georgian maid sings

a song, incitive of variety in love. Nour-

mahal, in a mask, answers it by an appeal

to constancy.

There was a pathos in this lay,

That, ev'n without enchantment's art,

Would instantly have found its way

Deep into Selim's burning heart;

But breathing as it did a tone

To earthly lutes and lips unknown;

With every chord fresh from the touch

Of music's spirit,—'twas too much!

Starting he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,

His hand had held, untasted, up,

As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—

And naming her, so long unnam'd,

So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,

"Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!

"Hadst thou but sung this witching strain

"I could forget—forgive thee all,

"And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought,—

And SELIM to his heart has caught,

In blushes, more than ever bright,

His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's light?

And well do vanish'd frowns enhance

The charm of every brighten'd glance;

And dearer seems each dawning smile

For having lost its light awhile;

And, happier now for all her sighs,

As on his arm her head reposes,

She whispers him, with laughing eyes

"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses?"

This slight sketch of the stories, and the

several extracts which we have made, will

enable our readers to form some opinion of

Lalla Rookh. We have left ourselves little

space for criticism. We would, however, ob-

serve that these poems (the first in par-

ticular) are the most direct imitation we have

yet seen, of Lord Byron's style, both in

thought and expression. The same ambi-

tion to analyse the human heart, and to

pourtray its innermost emotions; and the

same carelessness of diction, and harshness

of metre, are evidently attempted in this

work. The trial was an arduous and a dan-

gerous one. First, because imitation is at

all times difficult; secondly, because ele-

gance and tenderness of sentiment are Mr.

Moore's peculiar characteristics; and lastly,

because the public expected from him, at

least his usual refinement and correctness of

language. That he could not equal Lord

Byron in the terrible, was as clear as that

Lord Byron could not have equalled him in the graceful. When, therefore, he resolved to cope with his Lordship on his own territory, he ought to have recollected that there still remained another weapon by which he might have made amends for the disadvantage, namely, correctness and harmony of numbers; but this weapon he has disdained to use. He has even affected more roughness than his Lordship, and to prove this, we need but quote a few among many lines of a similar nature.

"From her fond eyes, summoned to join th' array."

"Yet now he comes, brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before—but ah! not bright for thee;

No dread, unlooked for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
The guilty soul."

"No, had not reason's light totally set."

"Tis he, faintly she cried, while terror shook."

The last line is unpardonable, because it might have been made legitimate by merely putting "faintly" after "she."

Mr. Moore himself foresees these objections, for he makes Fadladea, the Chamberlain, (who we suppose is meant as a representation of the reviewing tribe) observe upon a line which has a syllable too much; but in reply we have only to say, that none of those studied negligences deformed his former works, and that the public must be disappointed in reading bad metre from him, since, during these ten years past, they had been accustomed to admire his exquisite elegance and correctness.

Here are also, we think, too many similes borrowed from oriental beasts, birds, insects, trees, fruits, and flowers; and as for the veiled prophet himself, he is so infamous a villain, that even if, at the drawing off of his veil, he had stood confessed the devil himself, we should still have felt that Milton had painted the devil fairer.

But when we add that it is evident there is no diminution of Mr. Moore's genius, and that in all those parts of his poems, (particularly the Feast of Roses, which is after Anacreon's own heart) where he depicts luxuriant, tender, or elegant imagery, he soars far above his fellows, we have said enough to recommend the present volume to every reader who has perused his former works—and we believe, this comes little short of recommending it to the whole mass of English readers.

JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER from 1814 to 1816, or *Memoirs and Anecdotes of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and of her Court.*

This Pamphlet having excited very general interest, we resume our extracts.

"When the Princess departed from Milan, the family of LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL accompanied her, her Royal Highness paying the expenses of their journey and table. Some weeks passed away, when Lady Charlotte received a letter from her cousin, Mrs. Damer, and departed to join her at Lausanne.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL, hoping to become the heir of her cousin, to whom she was moreover under many obligations, and

leaving the Princess suddenly, Her Royal Highness offered to take her eldest daughter as a maid of honour;—she refused, which was accounted for by the young lady's marriage, a few months afterwards, to SIR WILLIAM CUMMING. The Princess was then in a new embarrassment to obtain an English lady, always solicitous to have English about her. She therefore made similar propositions to Lord and Lady MALPAS, then at Milan, but they were rejected.

LORD CHOLMONDELEY gained the confidence of the ROYENT many years ago, by his rare virtues and accomplishments. His son, Lord MALPAS, less careful of money, had shown sufficient energy two years before to refuse figuring as one of the ZORLUSSSES of the Court. It was on this account, and not to offend his father, or the PRINCE ROYENT, that he declined accepting the offer of the PRINCESS.

After so many desertions and refusals on the part of the ENGLISH, continues the writer, Her ROYAL HIGHNESS saw herself under the necessity of forming a Court of Italiani. This Court is at present composed of the following persons.

The Countess OLDI, of Cremona, a lady respectable for her qualities and misfortunes, has been for a long time Lady of Honour to Her Royal Highness. DR. MOCHETTI, of Como, formerly Professor of Botany, Agriculture, and Natural History, the author of many esteemed productions forming part of the records of various Academies, of which he is a member, has the honor to be her physician. This gentleman is well known by his skill as a physician, and his name which is celebrated in Italy, is not unknown to foreigners. He attended Her Royal Highness on a part of her travels. MR. ROBERT HANNAW, Knight of the order of Caroline, and a Lieutenant in the Navy, came from England at the invitation of Her Royal Highness. He yet attends as her private Secretary, and is a brave man, of an excellent character, and elevated principles.

The Chevalier CHAVINI, of a noble and opulent family of Cremona, is first Equerry to Her Royal Highness. He is as estimable for his integrity of character and cultivation of mind, as for his noble manners. The young M. GUILLAUME, Knight of Jerusalem, and of Saint Caroline, is also her Equerry. MR. LOUIS PERGAMI presides over her household. MR. VALLOTTI PERGAMI, formerly under-Prefect at Cremona, is Comptroller of Disbursement. Her Royal Highness honours with her particular confidence the Chevalier TOMASSIA, Prefect of a department under the late government of Italy. His intimate knowledge of the belles-lettres, of philosophy, of politics, statistics, and public economy, are well known in Italy, by various useful works, which have given him a distinguished place among learned men. He thus merits all the esteem and consideration with which he is honoured by Her Royal Highness; as do also the distinguished Professors, Count VOLTA, and M. CONFIOGLIACHI. In the same manner, M. CAVELLETTI, formerly Equerry to the Emperor NAPOLEON, and the Chevalier VASSALLI, persons of con-

sideration, have frequently the honour to attend the Court of Her Royal Highness. Her Law adviser is the Advocate, M. JOSEPH MAROCCHI, of Milan, well known in his profession. Lastly, M. the Chevalier (of Malta) BARTHELEMY PERGAMI, is employed by Her Royal Highness as her first Chamberlain. Public slander has been incessantly occupied in regard to this gentleman; and this is not wonderful, after so brilliant and rapid a career; for envy cannot bear the good fortune which is denied to itself. It is proper here to rectify public opinion, on the subject of so many injurious rumours and fabrications, and to render justice where it is due. It is not from the mire, as many busy and ignorant people pretend, that Her Royal Highness has exalted M. BARTHELEMY PERGAMI; his family was respectable and formerly rich. The honourable marriages of his three sisters prove this truth. The first is married to Count OLDI, the second to M. SEVERGRINI, of an ancient family at Cremona, and the third with M. MARTINI DE LODI, brother of the Ex-Secretary-General of the captaincy of Padua, when commanded by His Excellency the BARON DE GÖZZ. Great domestic misfortunes had reduced this respectable family to poverty.

The person under consideration, soaring beyond his bad fortune, and recollecting the past honourable condition of his family, embraced a military career, and was attached to the Etat-Major of the troops commanded by his Excellency the General Count PRIMO, in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814, as attested by the declaration of General GALIMBERTI."

It appears from the Journal that Her Royal Highness went from Genoa to the island of Elba, and thence to Sicily, where she visited the principal towns.

From Sicily she proceeded to Barbary, then to Palestine and Jerusalem; she saw Carthage, Utica, Athens; she went to Malta; she admired the beautiful women of Milo in the Archipelago; she admired the Temple of Theseus at Athens, still almost entire; she mounted the tribune of Demosthenes and of Eschines; she examined all the famous ruins of the cherished city of Minerva, contemplated the tombs of Pericles and of Thrasibulus; regarded with a timid eye the temple of the Furies where Edipus died; she visited the tomb of the celebrated Antiope the Amazon, wife of Theseus, and passing on to Corinth, examined the temple of Neptune; from thence she proceeded to Constantinople. After passing the islands of Zia, Andros, Negropont, and the famous Tenedos, she landed at Troy to examine its last remains; she crossed the Scamander; saw the tower of Hero upon the Hellespont, passed on to Mitylene, and thence to Scio, where she saw the place that Homer occupied with his School. She next passed on to Samos, to Ephesus, to Cyprus, to St. Jean d'Acre, to Nazareth, after having seen Mount Carmel; to Jerusalem, where she admired the Holy Sepulchre and the temple of Solomon, now converted into a Mosque; afterwards she visited Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, the river Jordan, Jaffa, and thence proceeded by

Rhodes and Syracuse to Naples: from thence to the now famous town of Pizzo, to Terracina, and to Rome.

MEMOIRS of the IMPERIAL ACADEMY of SCIENCES at ST. PETERSBURG. *Tom. 4 and 5, 4to. with the HISTORY of the ACADEMY for 1811 and 1812.*

Though these two volumes have been published some time, we believe they are not yet much known here. Among the great Academies of Europe, that of St. Petersburg has a particular character. Chiefly composed of foreigners, who are invited to Russia only to make the sciences flourish, and all whose hopes are centred in the circle of their labours, it is remarkably industrious. The productions of an immense Empire, which extends through various climates, and the provinces of which are most of them but little known, supply it with abundance of objects. It has, in fact, contributed more than any other to enrich the sciences of Botany, Zoology, the history of the Globe and of its inhabitants; and from its first foundation, its numerous volumes, adorned by the names of a Messerschmid, a Gmelin, a Steller, a Koehltreuter, a Pallas, &c. have been considered as classical in the branches of natural philosophy. These two volumes are greatly diversified and full of interesting articles. We select one which we think will be most interesting to the greater part of our readers. It is a memoir by Mr. Tilesius, who accompanied Krusenstern in his voyage round the world, of the celebrated elephant found entire, with its flesh, skin, and hair, in the ice near the mouth of the river Lena. Parts of the skin and hair have been sent to the principal cabinets of Europe. The hair was of two sorts; namely long brown hair, which on the spine was above two feet in length, and a coarse reddish wool at the root of the hair. This circumstance proves that those elephants, whose bones are so common in all the northern countries, did not belong, like those of modern times, to the torrid zone; but that nature had furnished them so as to be able to live in cold climates. Mr. Tilesius quotes a passage of Mr. Klaproth, whence it results that those carcases, the flesh of which is still preserved by the ice, are not so extremely rare. The Chinese seem to have some idea of them; their books speak of a pretended mouse, as large as a buffalo, which inhabits caverns in the northern countries, and the bones of which may be easily manufactured into various utensils. This can be no other than the Mammoth of the Russians, the fossil elephant; and even the fable generally current among the nations of Siberia, that the Mammoth lives under ground, that it is never taken alive, but the body is sometimes found fresh and bloody, can relate only to the carcases discovered in this manner preserved by the cold.

The abundance of these bones in Siberia is such, that notwithstanding the immense quantity which is sold, and daily employed in the arts, they do not appear to have diminished; it is seldom that a well sunk or foundation dug without discovering some of them, and whole islands in the Frozen Sea seem to be formed of them. The skeleton

of the one here in question has been carefully prepared by Mr. Adams, and the Emperor Alexander has acquired it for the cabinet of the academy of sciences. Mr. Tilesius gives the figure and the description of it, and carefully compares it with two skeletons of the common Indian Elephant, which are placed in the same cabinet.

The bones of the fossil animal are in general thicker and stronger, the sockets (alveoli) longer, more divergent; the cranium more prolonged; the teeth much longer, and more curved; (one of the two is fifteen feet in length) the protuberances of the Dorsal Vertebrae more elevated; the Vertebrae of the neck shorter on account of the enormous weight which they have to bear. Though young, this skeleton is larger than those of the full-grown Indian Elephants, and the other bones, which have been long since collected in the same cabinet, prove still better the superior stature of the extinct species.—It is to be regretted that the head and at least two of the feet have not been disengaged from the pieces of flesh, and skin which still cover them; the comparison would have been more complete; but it was doubtless thought better not to touch these memorials of so extraordinary a preservation. From all that has been said and from the plates added to the volume it is evident that Mr. Cuvier's opinion is well founded, that the fossil elephant was entirely different from the species now known, and that its native country was the North.—The nature of the hair of this animal proving that the climate of the country it inhabited was cold, resembling that of Siberia at present, where it is now chiefly found in a fossil state, is an argument, difficult to be overcome, against the ingenious theory of some writers, which supposes those regions of the earth which are now dreary, desolate and uncivilized from the effects of cold, to have been formerly the genial seats of civilization and science. If the fossil remains of the same animal have been found in more temperate climes, on the banks of the Rhine, and even in Italy, the inference to be drawn from this circumstance seems rather to be that those countries were once what Siberia is now.

Besides this memoir, Mr. Tilesius has contributed several others on new species of fish found in the seas of Kamtschatka, one on that remarkable tree the Cheirostemon Platanoides of Humboldt, so singular in the disposition of its stamina, which represent a sort of hand. Till about the year 1800 only a single tree of this species was known; situated about 16 leagues from Mexico, and for which the people had a superstitious veneration: but botanists have since then planted suckers from it in the public gardens of that city, one of which has succeeded and blossoms every year. A whole forest of them has since been discovered near Guatemala. Two descriptions of this tree have been published at Paris with fine plates, one of which is in the magnificent work of Mr. Humboldt.

Another celebrated traveller, the pupil and successor of Linnæus, Mr. Thunberg, has enriched these two volumes with several interesting dissertations, the subjects of

which have been supplied by his collections at the Cape.

Among the most interesting researches must be reckoned those of Mr. Bojanus, on the envelopes of the fetus of the dog.—Messrs. Rudolph and Lebedour have described some new plants from Siberia; and Mr. Smalowsky some foreign ones cultivated in the garden of the Academy. Mr. Lebedour has given a description of an Ypomoea, with large white flowers produced from seeds brought by Krusenstern.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Professor Autenrieth, in Tubingen, has lately made the discovery that a nourishing meal fit for bread, may be prepared from beech, birch, or lime-tree wood, if it is stripped of the bark, cut into thin slices, pounded, soaked, and dried. The flour of the wood is to be boiled with some Marsh Mallow, dried in an oven, and ground like corn; then to fifteen ounces of this flour add three ounces of leaven, and two ounces of wheat flour, and if you will have it particularly well tasted, mix up the dough with milk.

PATHOLOGY.

The name of Dr. Alibert is already honorably known by his magnificent work on cutaneous diseases, in large folio, with fine colored plates. He has now extended his researches to the whole range of pathology, and has published the first volume of his "Natural Nosology, or the Diseases of the human body, distributed according to families." He has arranged by a simple and natural method, all the diseases which have occurred to his observation, in one of the greatest and most curious hospitals in France: (L'hôpital de Saint Louis.) His wish is to make the learned of all orders, men of all classes, even those who live at a distance from the capital, share in the fruits of his labours. He has conceived the happy idea, of laboriously collecting all the rare cases which offer the greatest difficulties to be explained, and of uniting them in one great work.

When a phenomenon is uncommon it is difficult to give a precise idea of it to persons who have not witnessed it. The power of painting obviates this inconvenience, the production of the features, and of the physiognomy of a patient who has fallen a victim to some extraordinary disease, is a powerful lesson which is never forgotten. Students in foreign Universities will fancy themselves present at the clinical lectures of Dr. Alibert. The hospital which is the theatre of his operation, will become, as it were, an hospital common to all the learned of Europe.

This first volume contains about 700 pages, in large 4to. and 22 plates, magnificently coloured. The work will be completed by a second Volume to be published some months hence.

² In the German from which we have taken this article, is the word *Eibisch*, which, on consulting Adelung and others, we find to be *Althea Officinalis*, or Marsh Mallow, which we have accordingly used. The *Eibisch* tree is stated to be the *Sorbus Aucuparia*, or *Sorbus* tree which perhaps is meant.

In a future paper we shall probably give a farther account of this interesting work, which, at the same time that it is one of the most useful which the lovers of science and humanity have undertaken, is also one of the finest monuments of modern medical science.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—During the ensuing Act Term there will be a convocation held for the purpose of granting graces, and conferring degrees, on the 12th, 19th, 27th of June, and 5th of July: and on the 1st of July one will be held solely for the purpose of admitting Inceptors to their regency. In full convocation, a petition has been signed against the Tythe Leasing bill, as far as regards binding clerical successors. The Chancellor's Prizes have been adjudged—for LATIN VERSES, to J. S. Boone, Christ Church; *Regnum Persicum a Cyro fundatum*—for ENGLISH ESSAY, to C. A. Ogilvie, B. A. Fellow of Balliol; on the union of Classical with Mathematical studies—for LATIN ESSAY, to T. Arnold B. A. Fellow of Oriel; *Quam vim habeat ad informandos juvenum Animas Poetarum Lectio?* Mr. Boone, already named, has also gained the Newdigate Prize on the *Furax Hercules*.

CAMBRIDGE.—Mr. O. Paroissien B. A. is elected Fellow of Clare Hall, and Mr. C. E. Corrie a Foundation Fellow of Catharine Hall.

This University has recently received a gift of 20,000l. from an unknown individual, who is stated to be on the verge of concluding a century, and who has adopted this plan in preference to a testamentary bequest, as the legacy duty is thereby saved. The gift is expressly to St. Peter's College; the Master and Fellows of which, it is said, intend to expend the interest of the sum in founding some new Scholarships, and augmenting the income of some of the poorer fellowships.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.—The successful candidates for rewards in the polite arts have attended to give incontestible proof of their abilities in painting, drawing, and modelling, from subjects furnished by the society. The variety of talent that was displayed, and the emulation that was naturally created by so many competitors made it a most interesting sight. We had the pleasure to see some very young persons draw with admirable facility, and with a correctness that surprised us, and we were gratified to find, that the honours which are awarded are so justly merited.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE GAME OF COMMERCE.

Ye helles, whom the pleasures of commerce invite
To sleep the whole day, and sit up the whole
night,

Oh listen, for once, to some prudent advice,
Or you'll all in good earnest go up in a trice.

Ah what can avail all the pools you may win,
If they hurt your complexion, and spoil a good
skin;

If at commerce while striving to add to your
wealth,

You find yourselves bankrupts in beauty and
health?

For the old and the ugly, no matter for these,
They may all of them die, and be d—d if they
please.

But 'twere surely a pity that beauty and youth,
By dying at commerce should die in good truth.

Some smuggling is practised in all sorts of trade,
And your's is not perfectly clear, I'm afraid.
Fair traders there are, but some people declare
There are smugglers amongst, nay e'en that are
fair.

Leave prudes and old hags, and such quarrel-
some elves,
To squabble, to scold, and to cheat, by them-
selves—

Let the stake in the pool be for ever their view,
But wedlock's the stake that should interest you.

The world's a great pool, where we all of us play,
Where we have but one life, and that soon steals
away,

And when once we go up all repining is vain—
Fate never allows us to buy in again.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FRENCH MANNERS.

(Mœurs Françaises.)

THE LOWER PYRENEES.

Bayonne.

*****. Though our acquaintance had
been of only ten days standing, the Solitary
and myself parted with regret. It requires
time to know to what degree a man may be
contemptible; a few days suffice to appre-
ciate a worthy man. A marsh may be con-
cealed beneath verdure; fine ears of corn
announce a good soil.

M. N. possesses all the virtues, all the
qualities of his countrymen, without any of
those defects with which they are reproached.
The Gascons, (I mean those whose primitive
character has not been broken by hard daily
labour) are generally brave, sensible, lively,
gay, easy in their manners, and interesting
by their originality: they bear cheerfully
the burdens of life; proud of their country,
they love it perhaps as much from vanity as
from sentiment; their roving temper dis-
perses them on all points of the globe; and
in whatever part of the world a hundred
men are found assembled together, you may
lay a wager that you will find a Gascon
among them: the most productive species
of industry is always that which they follow
in the countries where they abide; and as
war is of all games that in which the chances
of rapid success are the greatest, the pro-
fession of arms is that which they most re-
adily embrace.

I was acquainted at Delhi with a Gascon
named Costus, who was Master General of
the Ordnance to the Great Mogul; at the
time when he was invested with this em-
ployment, he was acquainted, by his own
confession, with no arms except the mus-
ket, which he had borne for six years in the
regiment of the Isle of France, from which
he had deserted.

In crossing the Cateck at the bottom of
the Gulph of Bengal, I was taken before a

Mahratta Chief, who was born on the banks
of the Garonne. This adventurer, who was
distinguished by his courage and ability,
whose European name was Deserre, unfor-
tunately took it into his head to return to
France during the reign of terror; three
months after his return he was led to the
scaffold and perished with Danton.

I shall never forget, that among the pri-
soners whom we took from the Otumacas,
on the banks of Lake Parima,¹ there was a
savage of Carcassonne, whose dress was
nothing more than a Camel habit, the Eu-
ropean cut of which, most happily for him,
attracted my attention just as the Zangais,
who had seized him, were disputing who
should take off his scalp. Notwithstanding
the horror of such a moment, I could not
suppress a convulsive laugh at the sight of
this strange figure, whom terror had in-
spired with the idea of playing on the *galu-
bet* to soften his ferocious enemies; happy
was it for the new Orpheus that I came to
his aid; his sweet accents would certainly
not have got him out of his difficulties. This
man, of whose acquaintance and gratitude I
have had no great cause to boast, never
spoke but with tears of the banks of the
Adour, where he was born, and of the pa-
ternal roof from which he had been ban-
ished; I have since learned for what reason,
which has rather cooled the interest I first
felt in him.

The imagination of the Gascons is easily
inflamed, and the art of directing them con-
sists in knowing how to seize on their first
emotion. M. N. made me dine in the Landes
with an ancient Mayor, who being unable
to make the Conscripits of his Commune
join their corps, thought of the following
expedient; he assembled them all in the
market-place and harangued them from a
balcony, which served him as a rostrum;
"Fellows!" (Capdébions) said he, "listen
to me: you know the brave L.*."—Yes,
yes.—"Well then he is now Governor of
Grand Cairo (where Jesus Christ was born,
as it is fit you should know), and yet he was
only a raggamuffin (chignons) like you. I say
no more." Our brave and pious Lannus-
quets could not hold out against so much
eloquence, and repaired in crowds to the
dépot.

Saint Esprit is properly speaking only the
suburb of Bayonne, from which it is sepa-
rated by the Adour, the communication
being by a very beautiful wooden bridge
over that river. The citadel, built by Vau-
ban, from which one can see Bayonne, the
rivers which bathe it, the summits of the
Pyrenees, the port, and a vast extent of sea,
affords one of the most picturesque views
that I know. It is the subject of one of the
finest of Vernet's marine prospects. The
population of St. Esprit, which amounts to
about 4000 souls, is chiefly composed of
Jewish families. One may see in Basnage,
at what period and under what circumstances
these Jewish families, who had escaped from
the Inquisition, settled in the Southern pro-
vinces of France, particularly at Saint
Esprit, Bayonne, and Bordeaux. They

¹ See the 2d volume of the *Hécatot de Gui-
ana*, p. 86.

found first in France that generous hospitality of which the French nation has always given examples; since the revolution the Jews have been admitted to share in the rights common to all the citizens. The Jewish families of Spanish or Portuguese descent, who inhabit the South, those of German origin who inhabit the North, live now under the same religious and civil law; thus intermingling their manners and their language they form, what should now be called, the French Jews. At Bayonne itself there is but a small number of Jewish families; it is only since the revolution that the Bayonnese have suffered Jews to become inhabitants of the city. The Jews of St. Esprit are in general honest, sober, and laborious; they follow with honor all the useful professions; some successfully apply to the liberal arts, and almost all have given proofs of attachment to the cause of constitutional legitimacy; yet it must be confessed, that they are still victims to religious prejudices, which a small number of fanatics endeavour to revive.

The Jews of Saint Esprit have three synagogues; every Saturday a Spanish Rabbi comes to preach to them in a language which is no longer understood except by some old people, and for which it will soon become necessary to substitute French, which is now in much more general use.

Bayonne, containing 14 or 15,000 inhabitants, is situated in the most picturesque manner; but the town in general is ill built: the air is pure, the wines exquisite, and the women charming; the environs are delicious; but the campaign of 1813, when every thing was destroyed for a league round, has caused the country seats to disappear, and the fine trees with which they were adorned. Bayonne is for ever famous in the bloody annals of war, for the invention of the bayonet, an arm doubly national, both by its origin and the terrible use which the French understand to make of it. I know not from what traditional prejudice, can have arisen the absurd reputation of false valour, which has been given to the inhabitants of these provinces, when the experience of all times has so well proved that military courage is, among all classes, one of their distinguishing qualities, when it is a fact that among the many heroes who have filled our armies at different periods of our history, Gascony may justly claim the greater part for its own share. Patriotism is one of the characteristic virtues of the Bayonnese; when their city was taken by the English under Edward III. they recovered it from the enemy, and obtained among other privileges, the right of guarding themselves, and of taking for the motto of the arms which the city has preserved, *nunquam polluta*. The Bayonnese are excellent seamen; many officers born in this city have done honour to our marine. The private life of the Bayonnese in the higher classes, is almost the same as that of the inhabitants of Bordeaux; the education of the women is perhaps more attended to in respect to the cultivation of their minds, and agreeable accomplishments; but they are not the less brought up to domestic em-

ployment and the management of the household.

Of all pleasures dancing is that which is most eagerly indulged in here; the balls are very frequent during the winter, and in summer the Bayonnese of all ranks go to Biarritz, a village on the sea coast, to enjoy the pleasures of bathing and dancing. It is generally *en carolet* (a kind of basket with a bark placed on a mule and furnished with pillows) that the parties of Biarritz are made.

I must not forget to speak of the *Pamper-rugue*, a Bayonnese dance peculiar to the city: it is danced in the streets in character dresses, without music, only to the sound of a drum. It was formerly absolutely necessary to do the honors of the city to great personages, and were danced by the most distinguished young gentlemen and ladies of the city: this dance which is entirely local, is dull, monotonous, and can have no charms except for those in whom it awakes the recollections of childhood.

Among the superstitions of the country, the many-headed dragon of Lucia makes too great a figure to be passed over in silence. History, or rather the popular story certifies that this dragon desolated the country; that a certain *Belsunce* devoted himself for the general safety; that he killed the dragon, but was suffocated by the flame and smoke which the monster poured from his jaws.

A VISIT TO THE BOOKSELLERS OF PARIS.

Les livres gouvernent le monde; c'est dire assez de quelle importance est le profession de Libraire.

BARBEYRAC.

It used to be said, that there existed in Paris, three entire classes of honest men; the Notaries, the Priests, and the Sergeants of the Guards; the Booksellers might likewise have been added. This corporation enjoyed from its origin, many honorable privileges which were confirmed from time to time by new ordinances; it formed part of the University, and in that quality was subject to regulations which maintained a severe discipline among its members. The booksellers of those days were not only honest tradesmen, but the greater part were also men of learning, some of whom have gained great reputation as authors. The names of *Etienne*, *Robert* and *Anisson*, are not less celebrated in the annals of literature than in those of bookselling.

The first printing and publishing booksellers, *Martin Crantz*, and *Ulric Gering* established themselves in the *Place Cambrai*. These men were brought to Paris about the year 1469, by *Jean de la Pierre*, a prior of the Sorbonne, for the purpose of printing the *Epistles of Gasparini di Bergamo*, an Italian orator, as celebrated in his own time as he is unknown in ours.

These two printers gained a great reputation for probity. *Ulric Gering*, whose labours procured him a considerable property, employed the greater part of it in founding Bursaries for poor scholars of the College of Montaigu, and in encouraging literature by considerable advances and annuities which

he paid to several learned men, whose works he had printed.

Before the invention of printing, the trade of bookselling was more circumscribed without being less important or less honourable. The transcription of manuscripts was entrusted to their care by the University, which delegated a committee chosen from among its members to verify and approve the copies: the most splendid libraries were thus composed of the Bible, the New Testament, and the Greek and Latin classics. The purchase of a book was at that time a matter of no small importance; the contract was drawn up and signed before a Notary, with the same formalities as were customary on the purchase of an estate.

These reflections were drawn from my friend the Encyclopedist during a conversation which we had together while passing along the Boulevard; they were suggested by the abuses which have of late years crept into the bookselling trade, the only abuses for which, in his opinion, there can be no compensation.

"Observe," said he to me, "that swarm of Normandy whose stalls line both sides of the promenade. Those catch-penny dealers are a kind of brokers or hawkers for wretched printers who speculate on the degradation of our most eminent literary works. They calculate with disgraceful precision at what price they may bring out (to use their own language) a *Racine*, a *Moliere*, a *Boileau*, reducing their expenses as much as possible by the bad quality of the paper, the use of worn-out types, deficiency of margin, and even the incorrectness of the proofs which they take upon themselves to read: by such practices they succeed in inundating the Quays and Boulevards with mutilated and dishonored authors, which they sell at a low price to the injury of those good editions, to the completion of which the *Didots* and *Crapelets* have devoted their fortunes and their labours.

"You intend," continued my guide, "to compose a small library of good books; you already know where to find bad ones; I will now conduct you to real booksellers, among whom however you may still find it necessary to make distinctions of more than one kind.

We proceeded towards the *Faubourg-St. Germain* and entered, or rather descended into a cellar lined with dusty volumes, of which the vellum bindings à la *Jesuite* could not fail to excite a favorable prepossession in the minds of certain amateurs. An old man in a dress which corresponded with the binding of his books, was seated before a worm-eaten desk, busily occupied in repairing the outsides of some books, and like a cleaner of old pictures cautiously endeavouring to preserve that appearance of age, on which the whole value of such works sometimes depends.

We requested to look at some Latin books which he shewed us, at the same time taking especial care to call our attention to the *dates*, the *state of preservation*, the *margins*, and the *attestations*; each of these circumstances in his opinion doubled the value of the book; had his whole library been esti-

mated at the same rate it would have been worth much more than M. de Valiere's.

We rose to take leave of this original, when one of his friends entered the shop. This man had been commissioned to complete a collection of Aldus editions for an English Nobleman who had resolved on procuring them at any price, in order to complete a library at his castle in Westmoreland. This noble Briton, the most remarkable for *Bibliomania* in the three kingdoms, had ordered the books to be forwarded to his residence in London, where he expected to find them on his return from India, whither he was on the eve of departing in order to accept a command. I was somewhat amused at his Lordship's expense; the idea of purchasing books to furnish a castle during his absence was indeed rather singular. We departed and left the venerable bookseller to lament selling at twice its value, a collection of Aldi, the completion of which he declared had cost him fifteen years' labour.

We next entered a shop richly furnished with library book-cases of mahogany, the glazed doors of which were covered with gilt wire. Here almost every book was printed on vellum paper, hot pressed; and the finest morocco and calf were employed in binding them in a hundred different forms. These magnificent bibliographic curiosities are however seldom touched, for the purchaser as well as the bookseller is frequently afraid to open them, lest he should soil the gilding on the edges of the leaves.

We quitted this typographical toy-man, (who for a *La Fontaine* in two volumes, asked me rather more money than I intended to lay out in the purchase of my whole library), and we proceeded to a *Marchand de Nouveautés* in the *Palais-Royal*. My friend having acquainted him with my intention of forming a library, he immediately proposed that I should take a complete collection of modern novels, *Tales to my Son, to my Daughter, to my Son-in-law, Memoirs, Private Lives and Rhapsodies* either actually prohibited, or on the point of being so; he gave me the titles of several books which he had in the press, and offered me copies before their publication at a discount of thirty per cent. He left us to speak to an author who came to propose his acceptance of a translation of *Florus*, with a commentary. "I already have a novel entitled *Flora*," "I do not allude to any character in a novel, I mean *Florus* the historian."—"Oh! on the subject of history *De Pradt* is the man; *De Pradt* is the name for an historian.—Only write something in *De Pradt's* style, and I will pay you a hundred francs per sheet."

I felt no inclination to hear more. We took our leave of this dealer in waste paper, and having again crossed the bridge, my companion conducted me to the shop of the celebrated *Didot*. This excellent library contained the ancient classics in every language, of which both splendid and common editions presented an equal degree of purity. Here the rich amateur, the modest man of learning, and the studious scholar might furnish their libraries with books which differ in price without differing in merit. The

superb *Virgil* in folio at three thousand francs, and the modest stereotype *Virgil* at twenty sous are equally correct—equally estimable.

In this classical temple I made choice of my Penates. I had resolved to select only original authors, and to disdain all compilers, commentators, imitators, and inferior poets; by this means, my library consists only of about six hundred volumes, and yet my Encyclopedist insists that it contains an abundant portion of trash.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Continued.)

No. 189. *Portrait of Thomas Moore*, Esq. (the translator of *Anacreon*, and author of *Lalla Rookh*) by M. A. SHEE, R. A. This is a half figure, seated in a crimson-coloured chair, in a chamber. With one hand across his breast, he holds the glass, pendant by a black riband from his neck; the other arm and hand rest upon a sheet of paper, on a table covered with a cloth of a mellow purplish colour. Some books are laid beside him. A curtain of shadowy yellow hangs on one side. The carnations of the face are clear and florid; and their sanguine hues are sustained and mellowed by the crimson cover of the chair, a bit of red morocco-leather on one of the books, and the flesh-tints of the hands. The cool colours, which are only sufficient in quantity, without any direct opposition, to give richness and force to the warm masses, are composed of the dark hair, dark slate-coloured small-clothes, the bit of blue watch-riband and of blue silk book-tape. The principal light is composed by the vivid carnations of the face, the neck-linen and top of the buff waistcoat. These altogether form a bold mass of spirited gradations; and the head is relieved with very brilliant effect by the force of light, and by the dark hair and shadows of the features. The background is a clear, tender half tint, of a mellow yellowish grey, well-calculated to throw up the bright colours and dark touches of the face. The main light is spread in front, by the hands, the sheet of paper and sharp touches of white on the linen of the wrist-bands. The subordinate light subsides in a gentle tone, on a pillar in the background. The dark purple chocolate-coloured coat and slate-coloured small-clothes, united with the shadows of the curtain, form a broad bold mass with which the deep shadows on the chair and round the table are connected.

The middle tints between the most powerful darkness and brightest light, are amply distributed and in felicitous transition. The general effect is at once solid and brilliant. Every part is in due subordination, yet we are struck in all the principal passages by a sparkle of touch, or colour; of light or shadow. This is one of the most capital specimens of penciling, which we have seen from the hand of this artist. Without any ostentation of freedom, it combines the fluency of dispatch with the decision of science. The features are cleverly drawn and full of life; the forms defined with unerring certainty. The sharpness of the last touches, is finely pre-

served in the prominent parts; and from their having been put in upon a sound basis, they unite in a striking degree that charm, which we have already noticed, an unaffected facility, with the precision of truth, and vigour of execution. The hands are drawn in a masterly style. The back of the one, on the table, is a lesson of firmness in outline and colour. The bright hues of the flesh are here invigorated by cool, pearly middle-tints and touches of ruddy shadow. The expression is excellent. The head is a three-quarter view, a little elevated; and the eye pregnant with meaning; as if the brilliant imagination of the poet was just then warmed by one of the happiest visions of his *Lalla Rookh*. The painter has contrived to unite the striking resemblance and vivacity of the man, with the fire of the poet. We have been so sickened by imitations of the imitators of Reynolds, that the mere surface of that great master has become disgusting at second and third hand in our public Rooms. When a number of artists form themselves upon one model, however excellent, nature gives place to manner. But, in this picture, there is no manner; no imitation of others. It is an eloquent, original truth; and the admirable accord between the execution, character and expression, place it among the first class of portraits in the present exhibition.

Mr. Shee has also, No. 25, a head of T. Tooke, Esq.; 69, of E. Ellis, Esq.; 119, of Lady Vivian; 181, of Mrs. W. H. Harlot; 305, of Mr. Commissary Wood; and 330, of Mr. Sharon Turner. Of these, 25 and 181 are clear and firmly painted, without being very rich in tone or fluency: 69 is one of his capital heads, finely drawn and coloured; the crimson curtain is balanced and sobered by the dark mass of drapery; 305 is a prepossessing manly countenance, boldly penciled, and in a deep mellow tone. In 119, the head is pleasingly designed, but the back ground is sullen, and not in sufficient union with the face: it communicates a degree of opacity to some of the flesh tints. There is a certain grace in the character, but a constraint is perceptible in the expression and drawing of the mouth, which, unless these peculiarities are in the original, may require some re-touching. There is also some want of light, loose handling in the accessories. As the vanity of taste in penciling often leads other artists into a flimsiness in fleshy forms, which ought to be defined with precision; so a commendable affection for truth, and firmness of execution, sometimes restrains the hand of this painter in the finishing of his hair, light ornamental draperies and back grounds, which might be treated, in the last touches, with more sportive grace and airy negligence. Mr. Shee has also a capital whole length portrait of William Roscoe, Esq. painted for the manuscript library of T. W. Coke, Esq. at *Holkham*; which is certainly the finest likeness ever painted of this celebrated man; and altogether, in colouring, disposition, and character, does honor to the artist's pencil. We are prevented by our restricted limits only, from a detailed notice of this important picture.

"393. *A South West view of Armidel*, the seat of Lord Macdonald, Isle of Sky, by W. DANIELL, A." This view is judiciously selected. The castle is on a rising ground, in the middle distance, enriched with clumps of trees and near the edge of the sea. The water, with boats and figures, occupies the near space of the picture. It is executed in a noble style. The touch is at once broad, firm, and sweet; generously full of colour, but not over loaded. The penciling is in some parts more near the chastest handling of Wilson than any thing we have seen for some time. The colouring is juicy, vivid, and of a delicious tone. The declension from the warm hues of the near scenery, to the cool air-tints of the distance, is conducted with admirable truth of nature. The treatment of the objects is in a simple and fine taste; and the sense of local identity very vigorous. This is "a second Daniell," and, in our poor judgment, if he does not desert this style, he bids fair to be an honor to the British school. 345. *South East view of Armidel*, is by the same artist, and in a similar style of excellence.

118. By J. J. CHALON. This is a fanciful scene from Thomson's *summer*.

"Nor undelighted is the ceaseless hum,
To him, who muses thro' the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade.
Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook."

This artist, with all his taste and science, in the detail of some of his landscapes, is, at times, too sudden in his oppositions of colour; too cold in his blue tints and wanting in union. But, in this delicious picture, with his own fine feeling, he has all the warmth and vigor of the younger *Reinagle's* style, without any tendency to *purplish* shadows. Every object, here, is in delicious harmony. The bowery shade, in which the musing wanderer reclines, is luxuriant beyond our power of description; and the effect of sparkling light, seen in the distance through the dark trees, is full of enchantment. There is also a tasteful negligence in the disposition of the figure; the penciling is sprightly; and the general effect full of fascination.—206. *Morning*, by the same artist, is a clever picture; but not so interesting a scene, or so rich in harmony.

118. *A small whole length portrait, in oil, of Miss Foote*, sitting in her chamber, with her music-stand, harp and other picturesque accessories. It is painted by J. PARTRIDGE, and this is the first time we have met the name or seen any picture by this artist. The likeness is agreeable and sufficiently strong to be at once discoverable. The attitude is easy; the head, clear and delicately coloured; the penciling sharp and mellow. The accompaniments are tastefully composed; and the details entered into with a Flemish fidelity, which produces an enamel surface, without losing the appearance of facility. The whole is cleverly thrown into light and shade. The colouring is silvery, and in excellent union; the effect very agreeable, and there is a pleasing truth and feeling, in the invention and treatment, which reflect much credit on the painter.

No. 309. *Portrait of a Lady of Quality*, by J. A. OLIVER, A.—This head is well

drawn; there is a fanciful elegance in the disposition; and the character is full of nature. The expression is playful; but the fine *Correggieque* sentiment of the features does not make a due impression upon the general spectator, owing to the extreme chalkiness of the colouring.—No. 217. is the *Portrait of an Artist*, by the same painter. There is a considerable depth of character in this head; with less coldness in the flesh tints. This artist possesses taste, feeling, good drawing and fancy; but his penciling is somewhat tame; his shadows want force; and his carnations are too often bloodless. These are defects which he can easily remedy.

No. 144. *"Thetis and Peleus,"* by Mrs. ANSLEY, is designed and coloured in a good taste. What we can distinguish of it, excites a wish to see more; but it is placed at the top of the room, much too high for a due inspection of its merits.

No. 241. *"Don Quixotte haranguing Rocque Guinart's Banditti,"* by J. WATSON, a Scotch artist, whose name and works we now meet for the first time. This is a clear little picture; but placed so low that we were prevented by the crowd from obtaining a satisfactory view of it. The figures are spiritedly grouped, designed with a lively sense of humour, agreeably coloured, and evidently the work of a man of genius.

No. 120. *"The finishing Touch,"* by M. SHARP. This is a representation of a fashionable female at her toilette, laying on the last roses, for the conquests of the day. There is a certain gentility in this fair warrior, which seldom deserts Mr. Sharp in the invention of his figures. But the picture suffers by a comparison with his "Antiquary,"—"Pinch of Snuff,"—and other delightful performances. The execution is free; but not so sparkling as in his former works. The light is too much confined to a spot; and there is an appearance of trick or false effect in the breadth of some of the shadows.—120. A small *Portrait of a Gentleman*, is delicately painted by the same artist.

No. 212. *Partridges from Nature*, by T. WILLIS, exhibit great truth of nature; with a sweet spirited touch, and much brilliant harmony. In high finishing, this picture may vie with the admired works of many of the celebrated Flemish painters.

No. 100. *"A Landscape,"* by W. TRATES, is in a good taste; its chief excellence is a breadth and feeling of colour, which afford a fair promise, if this artist adheres to the principle of this picture. W. C.

ROME, 18th APRIL.—One of the first cares of Count Mac-Aulay, the minister of State, when public affairs have left him leisure, has been to give orders for restoring the beautiful fresco paintings of Caracci, in the apartments of the Farnese palace, which one of our Dukes, about 50 years ago, caused to be covered with a thick layer of white paint, because the subjects of them were in his opinion immortal. It had been hitherto believed that these masterpieces no longer existed; but some signs having led Count Mac-Aulay to suppose that this opinion might be false, he has resolved to have the

paint scratched off again: this happy undertaking, which does honor to its author, has completely succeeded. The works thus reproduced are equal in merit to those of the celebrated ceiling of the Farnese Palace at Rome. The interest which they excite is the more lively, as some of them are the last productions of Annibal Caracci. The operation is going on; what has been hitherto uncovered does not show any thing immoral.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

The last week has not produced any novelty at this Theatre. *Il Don Giovanni* is still the favorite, and its success here has been the means of introducing the *Libertine* on several other London Theatres. Of the imperfect imitation of the Opera, at Covent Garden Theatre, we have spoken in our preceding Number; at the Circus a laughable parody of the piece has appeared, and another Minor Theatre finds its account in the representation of the well known pantomime of *Don Juan*.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. KEAN performed *Achmet*, in the tragedy of *Barbarossa* on Monday last for his own benefit. There was so great an overflow that we may truly say, if the house had been twice as large it would have been crowded. Although this character does not afford sufficient room for his fine discrimination, yet he performed it with powerful effect; and in those scenes, which roused his energies, drew forth repeated tumults of applause. In the afterpiece of *Paul and Virginia*, he played the part of *Paul* with many affecting strokes of nature, and sung with much pleasing taste and judgment. On Tuesday, this admirable painter, of the passions, performed *Achmet* with increased spirit. After the play, *Mrs. Alop*, acted the part of *Priscilla Tomboy* in the *Romp*, with a sprightliness and pleasantry which delighted the audience: she was much applauded. The comic power of this actress is genuine, free from constraint and coarseness. It is the freakish, laughing, archness of gay animal spirits. Her flow of humour, and *Knight's Wally Cockney*, kept the house in continued laughter.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. KEMBLE, after having performed *Penruddock*, *Hamlet*, *Zanga*, and *Coriolanus*, on four successive nights, last week; consented to gratify the public, by performing four nights this week, also. The complete restoration of his health enabled him to go through these exertions without the smallest appearance of fatigue. The memory of the oldest lovers of the drama furnishes no instance of so deep and general a sensation, as that which has been produced by these fine performances, on the eve of his farewell to the stage. We only record a memorable fact, that this sensation, so honorable to the public taste and the powers of this great tragedian, increases hourly: On last Tuesday night, he performed *CARDINAL WOLSEY*. The haughty pride and grandeur of this aspiring ecclesiastic in his prosperity; his unbending dignity in his fall; and the Christian resignation of his advance

to mortality, require the very highest class and variety of powers. His character is composed of warring elements. His learning, his patronage of learned men, his taste and encouragement of the polite arts, raised him to an exalted rank in the public opinion. His religious vows bound him to an abjuration of worldly vanity; yet all his views were for worldly greatness; and his passions, though naturally strong, subservient to his inordinate thirst for aggrandisement. In the love of pomp and stately profusion; in the number of his followers; the magnificence of his furniture; and splendor of his palaces; he outvied the king. His profound and active policy, which had, for so many years, influenced the court intrigues of Europe, and his towering ambition, which had, so long, aspired to the Papacy, and to awe the Sovereigns of Christendom by the thunders of the Vatican; were the leading features of his mind. Thus his nature and his duties were in constant opposition; and the necessity of concealment produced in his lofty exterior an appearance of pious tranquillity. His vehement spirit and all its impetuous movements, lurked under the brow of an affected meekness: his vast projects were covered by a garb of proud humility. It was the silent and scornful fires of his eye; his over-shadowing port to his equals; his appalling reserve to his inferiors; his immense possessions, and the influence of his name upon the Continent, which revealed the high tone of his mind and immeasurable pretensions. In the performance of this extraordinary character, a display of impassioned energies would be extravagant and false; and the closest following of every-day nature, tame and little. It is a dramatic *unique*; and none but *Kemble*, could perform it. The grandeur of his person and visage, his knowledge of nature and Shakespeare, the noble pride, with which he has, through life, thrown a dignity round his profession; the elevation of his habits and his thinking; all the requisites of this high-minded actor have made *Wolsey* his own. We may justly say that his representation on last Tuesday night, like his *Coriolanus*, was one of the most finished performances which ever appeared upon the British stage. *Mrs. Weston* from the Bath Theatre, and formerly on the London stage, made her appearance in the part of *Queen Catherine*. This lady possesses certain requisites; she delivered several passages with spirit and feeling, was frequently applauded, and altogether well received.—On Thursday night Mr. Kemble performed Octavian in the *Mountaineers*, to a crowded and fashionable audience, in a style of excellence, which he has never surpassed. He was greeted on his entrance, and in the course of the play, with long and enthusiastic bursts of applause.

W.C.

FRENCH DRAMA.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First representation of *Le Solliciteur*.

This piece, which was first announced under the name of *L'Aspirant*, seemed to promise only a caricature; but it is a little picture of manners, drawn with equal point and

truth. The scene is in the hall of a minister's hotel, guarded on one side by a porter, on the other by a clerk, and in the back ground by an usher, (*huissier*). These vigilant sentinels do not embarrass the Solicitor, M. *L'Esperance*, who contrives to get in the first, though he has number 399. He is driven out, he returns without his hat, with a pen in his mouth, and papers in his hand, crying, "*I belong to the house*." He would deceive the eyes of Argus himself: he easily escapes those of a Swiss porter who is short-sighted. But this is only one step towards getting to the head of the office: he tries to gain the clerk by fair speeches; to bribe with a cutlet a supernumerary who is fasting; nothing succeeds: chance serves him better than prudence. The neighbouring restaurateur (*Table d'hôte* keeper) brings the breakfast of the Secretary General, and sets it down on a table to run after one of his debtors who has just received his salary. M. *L'Esperance* does not let slip so fair an opportunity; he disguises himself as a waiter, and seizes the breakfast; with this *passport* he penetrates into the Minister's cabinet, and presents to him one of the numerous petitions which fill his pockets. The Minister answers immediately, *L'Esperance* triumphs, but his triumph is of short duration.

At the beginning of the piece, he has met, among the persons who were come to solicit, a young lady who is very pretty, and on whom he has tried to force himself as a *Cicerone* in the labyrinth of the office. The young lady has refused his services; but she has had the imprudence to show him the petition which she intends to present, the object of which is to ask a place for a young officer her friend, who has faithfully served his country. *L'Esperance*, persuaded that in the bureau of a minister, as elsewhere, nothing is refused to a pair of fine eyes, adroitly substitutes one of his own petitions for that of the lady, who does not obtain an audience; but unhappily, in the confusion occasioned by his joy at having got into the minister's presence, he delivers to him the petition which he has surreptitiously obtained: and when the nomination arrives, he perceives that all his pains have ended in obtaining for the young officer the place which he desired for himself. This denouement which is very conformable to morality, is perhaps not wholly so to our manners. It is uncommon in the real world to see merit get the better of intrigue.

This little comedy is conducted with art; the dialogue is lovely and *piquant*; it has also the merit of giving much scope for reflection. From what passes in the antichamber, one divines a part of what must pass in the audience chamber. One feels how much amusement and instruction would be afforded by the sight of what passes there, if one could obtain a *passport* to enter it.

Potier acts the part of *L'Esperance* with his usual ability. He perfectly seizes the spirit of his part which is wholly comprised in this motto: "with boldness and suppleness one can penetrate everywhere." To look at him, one would fancy he is going to enter through the keyhole.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

First representation of *Wallace, or the Barrier of Mount Parnassus*.

The second title of this Vaudeville indicates the allegory on which it is founded. The authors have placed at the barrier of Mount Parnassus a literary and dramatic custom-house, commissioned to inspect books, novels, actors, actresses, and new pieces, and to let nothing but what is good enter Paris. Notwithstanding the vigilance of four officers, a great deal of smuggling goes on. One of them has even suffered a German drama to pass. The inspector is angry at this piece of negligence, and pretends that a German drama is *heavy enough and thick enough to be seen*. He is resolved for the future to depend only on himself and places himself at the barrier. He does not want for employment. The pretty Fanchette of *Les Deux Jaloux* is the first who presents herself; she comes with Thibault to beg the inspector to suffer a minstrel to pass, who is just arrived from Scotland; and who is much wanted at the theatre Feydau, to attract an audience. This scene, full of jokes on the Opera Comique, sparkles with roguish pleasantry. Several other characters successively arrive: at last the minstrel arrives, armed with a great piece of music in score, the charm of which hinders him from falling. He demands an entrance, but his melo-dramatic figure, is an indifferent recommendation. He then gets his music performed by all the musicians of the neighbourhood, the Cerberi who defend the Barrier fall asleep, and he passes happily through it.

The last part of the piece produced less effect than the first. This must be attributed to some rather tedious passages, which may be easily curtailed on a second representation.

POLITICS.

Parliamentary proceedings having closed for the holidays, the attention of our party politicians has been principally directed to the issue of the Norfolk election; where the success of the ministerial candidate is considered as a complete triumph, and has been celebrated as such at the Pitt anniversary dinners. Our shores have been again insulted by a Tunisian pirate making captures; but he has been taken by two revenue cruisers, and both his prizes recaptured. Those retaken, as noticed in our last, have been restored to the owners, upon the principles of honesty, and the law of nations, confirmed by stipulations in the St. Germain, Breda, and other treaties with European powers. The pirate has also been released; for though by treaty with Algiers, none of their cruisers shall even enter the British channel, yet in our treaties with Tunis, ships of war are mutually admitted to repair and refresh. As, however, it had been stipulated in former

times that no Tunisian vessel should cruise in sight of Gibraltar, or Minorca, it is a natural inference that they shall not dare to come for that purpose within the limits of the British seas: yet, since justice has been done to our friends by recapture and restoration, we shall not quarrel with ministers for their generosity towards those robbers, provided they support our national rights by decisive conduct with the Tunisian government.

It has been reported that a small armament is ordered to be in readiness for service in South America; but we suspect the ministers will first find it necessary to fit out a number of small vessels for the West Indies, where a swarm of pirates, under pretence of the Insurgent flag, are annoying all commerce, like the Buccaneers in the early part of the last century. Then our government sent out Commodore Woods Rogers, who cleared the seas—the sooner such conduct is imitated the better.

From France we hear nothing but of the King going to council, or to mass, and of the Princes going *à la chasse*, always translated “hunting” by our contemporaries, but including all the sports of the field. In the Netherlands, our remonstrances and a due sense of propriety have induced the King to order from his dominions those exiled vipers of France, who were attempting to renew the Berlin and Milan decrees, through the medium of the Belgian press. The German *Diet*, like all other German bodies, seems very slow in digesting its affairs; and in Württemberg we have the extraordinary phenomenon of a king turning reformer, and being opposed by the prejudices of a part of his subjects, who cling to ancient prejudices, and refuse to amalgamate with their new fellow citizens.

Spain, it is still reported, is moving troops upon Portugal, in consequence of the Portuguese occupation of her transatlantic provinces; the Portuguese regency is collecting troops for defence; and the Austrian Archduchess, married to the king of Portugal by proxy, is preparing to embark for Brazil; but all these movements will doubtless be paralysed by the intelligence of the Brazilian revolt, which, though yet extending only to the northern provinces, may soon oblige that Court to return to their ancient seat of government. This revolution has burst upon us, as it did in Brazil itself, like a thunderclap, and yet we find that hints of it had actually arrived at Vienna some weeks ago. As yet, we know not its positive extent; but it promises to be of great importance when

connected with the revolution in Chili, and the projected expedition of the Insurgents towards Peru. Though Great Britain and the other powers have actually interfered between Spain and Portugal, in favor of the former, yet between those powers and their colonies it is certainly our policy to avoid all contention, however we may avail ourselves of the new opening to commerce. But even that may be overdone—let our merchants be cautious, and remember Buenos Ayres! There are many flying reports of attempts and plans to aid the escape of Buonaparte. If he were indeed to escape to South America at this moment, the most extraordinary events might be expected. Perhaps *he* and *Lucien* have ideas of restoring the throne of the Incas, and claiming the crown of *Manco Capac*, as he did that of Charlemagne. Let our ministers beware! *Lucien*'s application for leave to proceed to the United States, though refused, is not of slight import. That gentleman knows more than he ought to do, particularly if it be true that he predicted the assassination of the Prince Regent!

VARIETIES.

MADAME CATALANI.

It now appears doubtful whether the privilege of *Directress* of the French Italian Opera, has been withdrawn from this lady. It is probable that the Parisians would not have committed such an act of hostility without due provocation. They feel an interest in living on good terms with her, as well as with higher powers. This incomparable *Virtuoso* has already quitted Rome, and the following extravagant announcement of her departure has appeared in the *Giornale di Rome*; it would not indeed form the least curious chapter of her brilliant Itinerary: “We have heard her for the last time,” exclaims the *Aristarchus* of the Tiber; “our fathers were never enchanted by accents so melodious—our children will never experience such enchanting ravishment. The departure of this divine singer—this *Parthenope* of *Sirens*, whose fame will be handed down to future ages and eternity, has excited regrets, the bitterness of which nothing can alleviate. During the residence of this illustrious *Virtuoso* in the native country of Cato and Brutus, crowned heads have deposited the richest presents at her feet: she has sat at the tables of the greatest Princes, has constantly received visits from persons the most distinguished for rank and high birth, and a throng of illustrious poets of whom Rome is the fruitful mother, have tuned their harmonious lyres to celebrate the admirable art and profound science of our adored and astonishing countrywoman.”

A French Journalist, who is determined not to be outdone by the Italian writers, presents

his readers with the following rhapsody on the same subject.

“What would the Romans say if we had the sacrilegious audacity to drive the divinity from her temple? They would doubtless, according to the example of their ancestors, term us the grossest of barbarians. But we cannot thus scandalize the civilized world, and we shall soon burn on the altars of the goddess an incense as pure and sweet as the tones which fall from her lips. In a few days we shall behold her seated in the splendid car of glory; and like a conqueror who returns to embellish his capital with *opima spolia*, she will adorn her theatre with the produce of the numerous contributions she has received in Flanders, Germany, and Italy. But Madame Catalani's lot is preferable to that of the most celebrated warriors: they force burthensome taxes on suffering and misfortune, whilst hers are the voluntary tributes of admiration and delight.”

MADemoiselle Georges.

The following article, relative to the departure of this actress from Paris, on her intended visit to England, is extracted from the *Gazette de France*.

“We are now positively assured that the fair Queen of Carthage and Babylon has quitted the banks of the Seine to visit those of the Thames. Yesterday, Mademoiselle Georges *definitively* departed for London. Equally vain of the beauty which she is acknowledged to possess, and the talent with which she fancies herself endowed, this actress imagined that a strict observance of the laws which regulate the tragic-comic empire, was in some measure a compromise of her dignity. After repeated violations of the *green-room code*, she not only refused to submit to the pecuniary fines which were necessary to expiate her infractions, but she even solicited new favors in a tone which none but herself would have assumed in claiming rights; and every new demand was accompanied by the threat of throwing up her engagement.

“At length, the managers resolved rather to submit at once to that misfortune, than to live in a state of constant apprehension. Her resignation was received, and though she generously offered to give six months' notice, the managers resolved to satisfy her impatient wishes by accepting it immediately. Delay would have served only to prolong the vexation. According to a certain regulation, every theatre in France is closed against an actor or actress who may voluntarily quit the Théâtre Français. But Mademoiselle Georges will easily console herself for this interdiction, since she intends to make a long tour through the provinces of the three British kingdoms, where she will enjoy the advantage of not being understood—an advantage which is sometimes convenient enough. Mademoiselle Georges, on leaving France, did not exclaim, like the celebrated Athenian, “Ungrateful country, may you soon have cause to regret me!” She did not leave us with the expression of a wish dictated by self-love and ill-humour, but with a threatening prophecy.

She is said to have pronounced the following words with the voice of a Sybil: "Before six months have elapsed, France and Europe will be astonished to witness my return to the *Comédie-Française*." Should Mademoiselle Georges return with modesty and sensibility (as an actress) her prophecy will be happily fulfilled, and, setting Europe and France out of the question, she will at least astonish the frequenters of the *Théâtre Français*."

On this subject, the *Journal de Paris* adds: "Whilst *Semiramis-Catalani* is on the point of returning, *Semiramis-Georges* is leaving us. She has set off for London, leaving our theatrical politicians engaged in gravely disputing whether this superb queen has been dethroned, or whether she made a voluntary abdication."

LE SAVANT A TABLE.

The French Papers announce the publication of a work entitled *Le Savant à Table*. It is not a new treatise on cookery. Skilful professors have already brought that sublime art to such a degree of perfection that it would be difficult now to suggest any improvement upon it. *Le Savant à Table* is a collection of curious observations and enquiries respecting a custom which has universally prevailed among ancient and modern nations: namely that of eating; and likewise on the differences and modifications which this custom has undergone, owing to the influence of climate and the progress of civilization. No doubt the most amusing and instructive part of this book will be that which treats on the numberless customs which form the charm of our repasts, such as that of drinking healths, which cold etiquette and indolent *bon-ton* would exclude from our banquets. On noticing this practice, which takes its date from the most remote antiquity, the author cannot omit mentioning the pious funds which are raised in Flanders to enable the living to drink to the health of the dead, who are always well pleased that their friends should intoxicate themselves to their honour, as is proved by the following passage from a document which sufficiently attests the superstitious intemperance of former times: *Pletius inde recreantur mortui*. There is likewise a story related of some Spanish monks, who whilst performing this ceremony in honour of one of their brethren who had recently been interred, began to sing in full chorus; *Viva el muerto*.

LADY MORGAN having adopted the plan and set the fashion of printing her work in two languages and in two capitals at the same time, MADAME DE STAEL has improved on the plan, by publishing biography of her father in three languages! Johnson said that one tongue was enough for one woman; but we may now expect the fair sex to be POLYGLOTT!

VENTU! When the famous Cromwellian Fifty Shilling Piece was knocked down for 109l. at the recent Disney sale—a well known wit pencilled the following jeu

d'Esprit on his card, to the great amusement of some friends around him.

"Money is scarce!

Scarce! on what grounds?
When Connoisseurs, so thrifty,
Consent to give one hundred pounds,
To purchase Shillings Fifty!

True! said a friend; and yet observe
Each heart oppress'd with thrillings,
And see! how strain'd was every nerve,
To pick up Fifty Shillings!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Byron has lately written and sent over to his publisher a Drama entitled *Manfred*, which may be expected to appear early in June.

A new edition of Hannibal Caro's translation of the *Eneid* is about to be published at Rome, illustrated with views of the most interesting places, which are mentioned as the theatre of events in the last six books. There are also to be two views of Troy. The plates are executed by the best artists in Rome. Four hundred copies only will be printed, 150 of which are already subscribed for. De Romanis the publisher receives subscriptions, and we understand the price will be moderate.

Mr. Bakewell continues to give his interesting lessons in Geology at the Argyle Rooms; we regret our limits will not allow us to continue the analysis of them.

We are extremely happy to hear Miss Edgeworth has another work immediately forthcoming, consisting of two tales, Harrington and Ormond, forming together 3 vols.

The third volume of the new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* with great additions, edited and continued by Mr. Bliss, will be published early in June, closely printed in royal quarto. The fourth volume is in the press.

A small work of much utility will be published in a few days, entitled "Errors of Pronunciation, and Improper Expressions in current use, chiefly by the inhabitants of London, to which are added those in similar misuse by the inhabitants of Paris."

A Selection from the Bible, or Scripture Readings for every day in the year, for Schools and Youth of all descriptions, is nearly ready.

A new Spanish and English Dictionary will be published within a few days, in which the number of additional words incorporated exceeds 50,000: it will be the most complete Dictionary of any two languages extant.

Mr. R. Ackermann has in the press and will publish at the commencement of June, the 2nd No. of the "Dance of Life," by the author of *Dr. Syntax*, with plates by Rowlandson. The 2nd No. of "Albert Durer's Prayer book," drawn upon stone. The 2nd No. of "Incidents of British Bravery," drawn upon stone, by J. Atkinson. The 3rd No. of "A new Drawing-book of Fragments," by Samuel Prout, etched in imitation of chalk drawings. Two Portraits, engraved in mezzotint, by G. Maite, the subjects, "Rubens and his Wife," after paintings by Rubens. Three Views, the "New Custom House," the "East-India House," and "Somerset House," from Waterloo-bridge, in colours; size, 19 in. by 14 in.

Mr. Colburn has in the press, a Translation of the very interesting Narrative of the Russian CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN, who was detained for 8 years a prisoner among the JAPANESE.

Thomas Walter Williams of the Inner Temple, Esq., is printing a continuation of his compendious abstract of all the public acts, on the same scale and plan as the acts passed anno 1816, which will be published immediately after the close of the present Session of Parliament.

The List of Publications entered at Stationers' Hall, has made its appearance, in 16 folio pages, for the year since June last. Above three fourths of these have been demanded by the ten universities and libraries entitled thereto. It appears that Trinity College, Dublin, and the Scottish Advocates Library, are the only two institutions which do not demand novels and music.

We may soon expect to be gratified by the commencement of the Grand National Monument, which is finally determined on, upon the design of Mr. Wilkins, author of the *Antiquities of Magna Græcia*, and M. A. of Cambridge. There was a choice of two hundred designs, and the expense is estimated at £200,000.

A new work in one volume octavo will shortly appear, entitled *Authentic Memoirs of the Revolution in France*, and of the sufferings of the Royal Family: deduced chiefly from accounts by eye-witnesses, which will exhibit besides information from other sources, a combined narrative of details from M. Hue, Clery, Edgeworth, and the lately published and interesting *Journal of the Duchesse D'Angoulême*.

Madrid, April 29.—The King has consulted the Academy of St. Ferdinand on the best means of checking the inundation of ludicrous engravings, in which picture-sellers carry on a traffic humiliating to the arts, and even to the nation. Objects the most sacred, the King, all the august members of the Royal Family, are made the subjects of such engravings, and are even transformed into caricatures. To avoid this profanation, and on the report of the Academy, it is ordered—

1st. That individuals even of that body, of whatever class they may be, shall not in future publish any work of art, or of literature, without having the same first submitted to censors, and obtaining the approbation of the Academy.

2d. That those who are not members of the Academy, and not wishing to take the title of the same, shall be fined 50 ducats, (about 6l. sterling), in case they should presume to paint, engrave, or in any other manner give to the public the representations of sacred objects, or portraits of his Majesty, or of the persons of the Royal Family, without having previously obtained the consent of the Academy.

Les archives des découvertes et inventions pendant l'année 1816, lately published at Paris, contains accounts of the discoveries of M. Gay-Lussac on the combinations of Azote and Oxygen and on Prussic Acid: of those of M. Poisson on the theory of the tides; and of M. Biot on light. M. Biot, it appears, is making rapid advancement in the career of the illustrious Malus; and his invention of the fine instrument to which he has given the name of *colori-grade* proves how eagerly he seeks to turn the results of his discoveries to purposes of use.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The third Letter of a *New Examiner* has been received, and shall appear in our next.